

THE LEISURE HOUR.

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



A DANGEROUS SEARCH.

DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL.

CHAPTER XXV.—TWO WITNESSES TO DAVID LLOYD'S WILL.

Clough considered it marvellous good fortune to be invited to become an inmate of Mr. Lloyd's house. His brain had been so touched by the sight of gold, that a morbid and an extravagant idea of its value had taken possession of him. Gold seemed to him the withheld good that would restore to him all that life had been in earlier and more prosperous days. It was a positive pleasure to him to dwell beneath

the same roof as that hidden bag of gold, with its fellow hoards, which were doubtless concealed up and down about the house. Mr. Lloyd's covetousness was contagious, and the poor, penniless Lancashire operative, driven by stress of famine from his native town, and from his accustomed work, was in just the unsound, tainted condition of mind to receive the virus. In this remote country district, with every source of interest closed to him, with none of the busy life of Manchester, and its changeful events to occupy him, his thoughts were constantly

employed in brooding over the sickly character of the miser. He had already discovered, by no fair means, the secret of one hoard—of one hoard only, for Clough was persuaded that the whole building was rich with similar deposits. He could not have torn himself away from the place now for any consideration, so tyrannical had grown for him the idea of hidden treasures, and even the miser himself was scarcely more a slave to the magic power of gold. The money which trickled in such scanty droppings into Clough's hand had a spring-head close by, rich and full, and he could no more place any distance between himself and it, than a fever-stricken traveller could leave the fountains of an oasis for the arid and unwatered wastes of the desert. The magnetism of gold held him fast, as it did the miserable old man who was amassing it toilsomely.

Mr. Lloyd was a subject well worth Clough's study at that time. He was trying to work out the second half of the problem of how to make the most of both worlds. In his own estimation he had done well, very well, in this one; though not so well as the opulent merchants of Manchester, whom he had seen with almost blinded eyes, in the Royal Exchange there. But David Lloyd did not know that while he had been gaining with eager grasp his share of the world, he had been losing, with a slack hand, his own soul. He was seeking for it now, trying to feel some small interest and care for it, but the puny thing it had dwindled into almost eluded his search. Yet the poor, paltry, mean, almost dead germ was all the soul he had left, and Mark's warnings had made him anxious to save it—having saved so much more during his lifetime. He was growing covetous of heaven, and desirous of purchasing a clear title to the mansions there. To do this upon terms which would cost himself least was the knotty point he had to settle.

Night after night, in the dimly-lighted parlour where Mrs. Lloyd had been cheered by mystic dreams of heaven, her husband now worked out his own scheme of salvation, while Clough watched him. It was a perfectly silent battle-field, if there was any real conflict between good and evil going on, in the hard heart and seared conscience of the miser. Sometimes Nanny would creep out of her corner to put a fresh stick or two carefully upon the dying embers; but no other movement disturbed the utter stillness of the place. Mr. Lloyd sat at the table with a few sheets of old yellow paper before him, and "Every Man his own Lawyer" in his hands; and Clough, near enough to share in the light of the single candle, appeared to bury himself in his dictionary, while he kept furtive watch upon all the old man's actions. Occasionally Mr. Lloyd would lift up his bowed head, and lean back in his chair to ask Clough questions concerning the distress in Lancashire, and listened to his accounts with an odd half-formed expression upon his withered face, as if it were the ghost of the benevolent smile which might have dwelt habitually upon it, had he lived a life of natural loves and interests. To open and soul-searching eyes nothing could have been more mournful than this pale, vague shade of a pitying smile; but neither Clough nor Nanny had the power to read it aright.

One evening Mr. Lloyd looked up sharply, and spoke peremptorily to Clough.

"Find me the word *testament* in your dictionary," he said, "and read me what it says about it."

Nothing could have pleased Clough better, unless it had been to discover the secret of another hoard, and he turned over the leaves of his dictionary with alacrity.

"*Testament*," he read, "'a will; any writing directing the disposal of the possession of a man deceased.'"

"Very good," remarked Mr. Lloyd, deliberating over the definition; "and now read me the quotations under it."

"He bringeth arguments," read Clough, "'from the love which always the testator bore him, imagining that these or the like proofs will convict a testament to have that in it, which other men can nowhere by reading find.'"

"More fool he," observed Mr. Lloyd; "he will never bring any proofs of love to convict my will of having any legacy to him in it. Read on, Clough."

Clough read two or three more quotations, and came to the word *testamentary*.

"*Testamentary*," he continued, "'given by will; contained by will.' How many testamentary charities have been defeated by the fraud or negligence of executors; by the suppression of a will; the subornation of witnesses; or the corrupt sentence of a judge!'

"Read that again, Clough," said Mr. Lloyd, and he listened with furrowed brow and anxious eyes. After that he went back to his studies again diligently, and for three or four evenings occupied himself with writing out several copies of what was evidently the same document. At length his labours came to an end, and his small, deep eyes grew clearer, and the expression of extreme anxiety passed from his face. Clough noticed the moment that the work was finished, and Mr. Lloyd met his unconscious gaze of curiosity with a subtle and cunning smile.

"My will, Clough, my last will," said he, tapping the sheet of yellow paper upon which he had been writing. "It isn't much I have to leave, only a few poor savings, but I've done the best with them. I want you and Nanny to witness it by writing your names in one another's presence, and by seeing me sign my own name at the foot of it. Can you write, Nanny?"

Nanny had left her seat, and drawn near to the table, staring at the paper upon the table, which was so folded as to conceal the writing, with more curiosity and veneration than if it had been some precious scroll of antiquity. She had never seen a will, and her hand shook at the bare proposal of witnessing one.

"I can write, mester," she said, "a bit; but I never could put my name to a will; my hand shakes so. You'd better get somebody as is a better scholar than me to be a witness—the parson, or the doctor, or some of the bettermost sort of folk. I'd be sure to make some sort of a blot, or a mess on it."

"Nonsense, Nanny, my woman," answered Mr. Lloyd, blandly; "your name's as good as any other, and I don't want it talked about. I hope you'll stay in my service till I'm gone, and then you'll be on the spot to witness to my will. If you don't leave me, you'll find yourself well taken care of, I promise you. Mr. Mark is the executor. And I've provided for you, Clough; I've not forgotten you here."

"Me, maister?" cried Clough, in a tone of extreme astonishment.

"Ay!" replied Mr. Lloyd, with a passing gleam of cunning in his eyes, "ay, my friend. If you stay here, though it is little I can do for you as long as I live, you'll find I've remembered both you and Nanny by this will. Mark my words, and think well about them. I wish to do you, and people like you, more good than I could have done by giving you a few shillings now. I have done something permanent and lasting for you, and children yet unborn will bless old David Lloyd, after his own relatives have forgotten him."

He leaned back in his chair, and looked at them both with an expression which made Nanny's flesh creep, she did not know why. He poised his pen carefully between his thumb and finger, turning away from them to the paper he was about to sign, still with the same sardonic and treacherous smile; and then, with a sudden swoop, he planted his wrist firmly upon the table, and wrote in clear, bold characters, the name "David Lloyd."

He bade Clough sign his name as the first witness, and Clough knelt down on one knee, rested his left arm upon the table, and set his unaccustomed fingers laboriously to the task. He looked discontentedly at his own performance when it was completed, but he had done his best, and Nanny would do no better, if as well. It was her turn, and he pushed her forward as she held back.

"I can do it," she said, "but not as well as one of the better sort of folks. Only I want to ask you one question, mester. It's all right and fair, and won't bring me into any sort of trouble with Mr. Mark and Miss Barry? You've remembered Mr. Mark and Miss Barry, sir?"

"To be sure, to be sure," answered Mr. Lloyd, soothingly, "it's all right and fair, my woman; and you'll find yourself provided for, if you don't leave my service. There, get your name written, and let me seal it up."

Nanny signed her name with as much care as Clough had done, heaving a deep sigh of relief when it was over. Mr. Lloyd wrapped up his will with another closely written paper of which he said nothing to his witnesses, and having tied the packet with a piece of narrow white ribbon which he had found amongst his wife's clothes, he sealed it carefully in two places. Clough watched the whole of this proceeding with an intensity which engraved it indelibly upon his mind—the old man's features, the sealed packet, the dim candle flame growing dimmer as Mr. Lloyd melted the wax by it—all was stamped upon his memory with a distinctness which would not be effaced for years. It would be impossible to forget it.

"Yes, yes; I've done something permanent," said Mr. Lloyd, "instead of squandering my money away in little driplets of almsgiving. You'll be all the better for it, Clough; you and your comrades. Your book will say something about alms. Look it out, my man, and let us have it."

He wished to free himself from Clough's searching eyes, which were riveted upon his movements, as he was stowing away his will in the large old leather pocket-book he always carried in his breast-pocket. Clough turned to his dictionary, but none the less he saw where the packet was deposited.

"'Alms,'" he read, "'what is given gratuitously for the relief of the poor.' The poor beggar hath a just demand of our alms from the rich man; who is guilty of fraud, injustice, and oppression, if he does not afford relief according to his abilities."

"A foolish book!" cried Mr. Lloyd, indignantly; "a silly, childish book! If the man was here I would prove his folly to him. I have done something to last beyond my day. To give to beggars is the worst use a man can put his money to."

From this epoch Mr. Lloyd grew more sharply avaricious than before. The influence of his accomplished act wrought only evil upon himself, whatever future good it was destined to produce. The small charities of Mrs. Lloyd, dispensed from the pitiful sum he had given her as the promised tithe of their income, were altogether discontinued; and the decent appearance which had been maintained during her lifetime was neglected, both in his own aspect and in that of his dwelling. It had seemed to Barry impossible to reduce the household expenditure to any lower scale; but if she had visited the desolate house now, she would have found the sordid misery of unbridled covetousness reigning there with absolute sway. There was scarcely a home in all famine-stricken Lancashire more bare of the common necessities of existence; and the meagre pittance doled out from day to day would have appalled even those who were getting their bread from the hand of charity. Mr. Lloyd had entered into a harder bondage, and put his neck under a heavier yoke. Whatever good his last will might bring to pass for others, it was working like a curse in the house of the testator.

CHAPTER XXVI.—SUDDEN DEATH.

As the second winter drew on, with its increased expenses, expenses altogether beyond her scanty resources, Barry's brave heart was strained to the utmost. She was compelled reluctantly to take from Mark the ten pounds he had extorted from Mr. Lloyd; and then he boldly demanded more from him. The old man's answer was a crafty letter, containing indefinite delays, and excuses made in the dread of offending him by a direct refusal. Mark resolved to supply the necessities of Mr. Christopher Lloyd's family from his own purse, until he could go down and see their rich uncle face to face.

The dreary house at Clunbury had grown still drearier since Barry visited it. The house-leek and the yellow stone-wort upon the roof, and the moss and nettles in the garden, had flourished, but every other thing, dead or living, had fallen into deeper decay. Some of the upper casements had been blown in, being rotten and crazy before the autumn winds beat against them; and the battered window-frames had been secured by nailing over them old planks taken from the flooring. The cracks in the ceiling and wainscot had extended in every direction, and the weather-stains had taken darker hues of mould and mildew. Nanny herself was growing more gaunt and haggard of face, and more ragged in dress; while her master was visibly more spare and bent, as if from the constant habit of picking up paltry windfalls. Clough was firmly domiciled at the Heath House; as firmly as if he had been a Jewish slave, whose ear had been bored through with an awl that he should be a servant for ever. He was held there by his wild dreams and fancies of the gold which lay about him unseen, as plentiful as the cobwebs which tapestried the stained beams and cornices of the ceilings. He had never been able to penetrate again to the miser's chamber; but from time to time Mr. Lloyd dropped pregnant hints to both him and Nanny of the great things his last will would do for them, if they did not

forsake him; and Clough's diseased and morbid imagination fastened upon them, until he, from his new greed, as Nanny from old habit, submitted to a tyranny which grew harder from day to day.

In little more than twelve months from Mrs. Lloyd's death, the small household had descended to that lowest grade of parsimony below which there only lay starvation. The Lloyds of Lloyd Terrace, in their hard struggle for a bare living, fared almost sumptuously compared with Mr. Lloyd and Nanny. As for Clough, he had no more than his lodging, and Mr. Lloyd's vague promises; but the neighbours, regarding him as a representative of the Lancashire distress, were forward in finding him odd jobs to do, and in welcoming him to their own or their servants' tables. At times he used to marvel at himself, and look back to his old mill-life as to some former, long-past stage of existence, to which it would be impossible to return. But these memories never visited him of an evening, when he sat on the miser's hearth, in the dusk, with Mr. Lloyd's withered face and its look of secret care opposite to him. Every line of those hard features was engraved upon Clough's mind, though he was baffled in his attempt to read the meaning of them, as one is baffled in gazing upon a page of strange and forgotten characters.

The bitter wind wore away into a chilly spring, with easterly winds which did not spare Barry, as she went about her work—work that had grown commonplace now—through the streets of Manchester. Down at Clunbury the day came when, warm or cold, fires were discontinued. It was Lady-day, and snow covered the ground; but Mr. Lloyd would not swerve from his yearly custom, though he sat shivering in his parlour, waiting for the small pleasure of receiving Trevor's rent, which the mole-catcher paid down punctually every quarter-day. Mr. Lloyd's tenants in Lloyd Terrace had not been as exemplary as Trevor for some two years back.

"Mester," said Trevor, after paying his one pound five shillings, "I'm sore put about at a thing that happened me. This morning my son as is a town-missionary, he sent me three pound in a registered letter, two sovereigns and two half-sovereigns; and he says you've gotten a watch of his in pledge, and I'm to pay you the three pound, and receive it off you."

"Very good, Trevor," answered Mr. Lloyd, drawing the watch from his pocket, and looking greedily for the money, as Trevor laid one after another upon the table two sovereigns and one half-sovereign.

"And that's all," said the mole-catcher, ruefully; "the postman you see met me nigh the crossing on the line down by Botville, and I've lost the other half. I were walking along the line for half a mile or so, and it must have slipped someways out of the letter."

"But have you searched for it, my man?" cried Mr. Lloyd, eagerly—"have you searched for it?"

"Searched for it!" repeated Trevor, "to be sure have I, up and down, up and down; but I'm getting dark, and I dare na' tell about it, for fear of having a lot of lads about, and losing it altogether. But won't you take that, and trust me to make up the rest, so as I may send the watch to my son? Do now, mester, for old neighbours' sake, for you and me've been neighbours these twenty years and more."

"No, no, Trevor," answered Mr. Lloyd, putting back the watch, but looking lovingly at the gold

upon the table; "you find that other piece, or make it up, and then you shall have your son's watch."

The mole-catcher took up the money, and went his way muttering, leaving Mr. Lloyd lost in thought for the rest of the evening. He was up at dawn of day, as soon as the grey light of morning shone upon the snow which the night had frozen into hardness. Clough, in his vigilant wakefulness, heard him and got up also, stealing with bare feet to the stair-head to watch the old man's movements. He was wrapping himself in an old brown overcoat, and putting on his battered hat, in preparation for going out in the keen morning air; a strange proceeding for the miser! Clough hesitated for a minute, doubtful whether to seize the chance of looking once again at the hidden bag of gold, or to follow the old man, and find out his early errand. He decided to follow; and keeping cautiously out of sight, he dogged his footsteps across the heath, and down a lane, till he came to the crossing over the line of which Trevor had spoken.

It was a bleak, frost-bound morning, with that unnatural stillness in the air which follows a fall of snow. There was no lowing of oxen or song of birds to greet the sun as it rose coldly above the horizon, and sparkled upon the pure cold white of the snow, upon whose soft flakes Clough's heavy steps fell noiselessly, as did the lighter tread of the old man before him. Mr. Lloyd was more active than ordinary, as active as his seething brain, which was all astir with the greed of gold. A golden coin had been lost within two given points upon the railway only the day before, and no snow had fallen since. It must be lying there—like those apples of gold in a basket of silver, for which his mouth watered whenever he read of them—and needing only a keen eye to fall upon it. Trevor's eyes were dim; but his own were as sharp as ever, and it would be a strange thing indeed if he should miss it. It would be better for him to find it, than some stranger who did not know who it belonged to; and he would restore the watch to Trevor for the two pounds ten. He had not made up his mind quite to tell him of his early and successful search; but he should have the watch, and perhaps he would show his gratitude by doing little neighbourly acts. Thinking this, Mr. Lloyd climbed over the stile, but instead of crossing the line of rails, he proceeded to walk down between them, with stooping shoulders, and eyes peering carefully over the smooth, sparkling surface of the snow, upon which the rails lay like black lines stretching away into some unknown distance.

Clough divined the miser's errand in an instant, for Trevor had told him of his loss, and the disappointment resulting from it, the evening before. He hid himself now behind the thick gate-post, eyeing the careful search. For the first time he hated the miserable, rapacious man, and hated himself for the bondage in which he was held by him. It had grown an intolerable bondage, cruel and destructive; yet he felt that he had neither strength nor courage to shake it off. He cursed the old man's tottering steps and withered figure as he watched him plod slowly, stopping at every moment to make sure of his survey of the dazzling snow. He was a better man himself, thought Clough, notwithstanding his want of learning and his utter poverty. If he had hoards of money he would spend it, and so send it circulating through the country, instead of hiding it uselessly. Such a man was a curse to any family or any neighbour-

hood. It would be good for everybody else when that man died.

As these thoughts were passing through his brain, though less distinctly, in more shadowy shape than I am forced to put them, Clough cast a stray glance upon the line behind him. There was a small curve at that place, concealing the onward course of the road. In the distance, but not more than three, or perhaps only two minutes off, an engine was coming up swiftly, but as yet noiselessly, because of the snow. Clough fastened his hands upon the topmost bar of the gate, as if he would dig his nails into the wood, and looked from the approaching engine to the bent and absorbed figure of the old man. He appeared very old, with his great-coat dangling loosely about his frame, and his thin grey hair hanging below the loose rim of his hat. Clough thought of his death, and what it would do for him. That will which he had signed would provide for him at once, as well as for Nanny. It would be a good thing for the miser to die; a very good thing. He was living a wretched life himself, a life worse than a dog; for what dog was there that would not eat enough to satisfy his hunger, if he could get it? His life was not worth that of a dog. Clough almost laughed aloud as this thought crossed his mind, but he hushed himself, and kept his face steadily turned away from the coming engine.

If God wished him to live longer, went on Clough in his own mind, nothing was easier than to cause the old man to turn off the rails, as he had done three or four times already, in order to look down the drain cut at the sides. He could hear well enough, as well as he could see, and he would be sure to hear the noise in time to get out of the way, without his calling out to warn him. For if he called out to warn him, Mr. Lloyd would discover that he was watched, and followed, and dogged; and no doubt he would forbid him ever to come into his sight again. Besides, supposing he had not followed him, but had stayed in the house, the engine would have come just the same, at the same moment, with the same soundless rapidity, and exactly the same consequences would have happened as would happen now if he remained still. Should he remain still or not?

The engine answered with a sudden snort and rush past the gate where he stood. Clough shouted, and threw up his arms in a frenzy; but it was too late now. He tottered back against the gate-post with a deadly sweat bursting from every pore. What was done? What had happened? The engine-driver had given a shrill, piercing whistle, which rang like a shriek through the quiet country air; but it sped on in its swift course towards the station, which was but a few hundred yards off. Clough opened his stiff eyelids, which seemed loth to unclothe to the light, and stretched his head fearfully over the gate. The spare figure and grey head lay upon the ground, but straight between the rails, as if the engine had passed over him, and left him uninjured, as it has happened to others. Clough ran to him as quickly as his trembling limbs would bear him, and stooped to pick him up. The face was unbruised, and had a stealthy and subtle smile upon it; and the fingers were locked fast upon the lost coin. But the miser was dead. "Dead!" cried Clough, in a voice which resounded through the stillness, as the shriek of the engine had done the minute before. He dragged the light, thin corpse to the embankment,

and sat down beside it in bewildered terror, until some men from the station came up to see what mischief the engine had wrought.

"He were walking down th' line," said Clough, "and th' engine came, and aw had na' time to warn him, and he's dead, killed by th' engine."

GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

I.—THE ADMIRALTY.

WHAT is the Admiralty? Generally speaking, it is a public department of state having the control and supervision of the navy in every particular, regulating the life of every ship from its cradle to its grave, providing equipments, stores, officers, seamen, and marines—undertaking, in short, the entire administration of those erewhile wooden walls, which are the best, if not the only, protection the kingdom has from the attacks of foreign foes. Formerly it had additional powers of a very ample kind, giving it jurisdiction over all seaports and their inhabitants, sole authority to punish pirates, breaches of the law committed on the high seas, and the right to adjudicate on all questions of wreck, and salvage. Some of these powers still remain in a modified form, and are exercised through the various courts of Admiralty, which are, however, presided over by judges as independent of all connection with the sea and its English rulers, as the judges of the common law courts.

In the book of laws relating to the Admiralty we find complaints so far back as the time of Richard II, to the effect that the Admiral of England, like the constable and marshal, had encroached upon the common law by hearing suits that should not properly have been brought into his court, and an Act of Parliament was passed to restrain him.

Of course, originally the king was his own admiral, as he was his own general, chancellor, and treasurer; but in very early days the king found he must of necessity delegate some portions of his authority to others. Business increased, and the presence of complete authority was required in many places at the same time, so generals and admirals of districts were appointed, having full power within their commands, and responsible to the king for the way in which they exercised it. The king retained a general control over the fleet, but the local admiral supplied his own squadron with stores, provisions, and all necessaries. He was, in fact, lord of the sea in his district, but bound by his allegiance to subserve the king's interests. "Captains and Keepers of the Sea," "Admiral of the Sea of the King of England," "Captain of the King's Marines," these and other like titles were borne by the district commanders.

The time at which the king committed the care of his navy to one great officer, the Lord High Admiral, to whom all other admirals and commanders must render obedience, is not precisely ascertained, but it was probably first made a regular ministerial charge in Elizabeth's time, when Lord Howard of Effingham was appointed to the post for the express purpose of directing the ships which were to be engaged in repelling the Spanish Armada, and he had Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher under him. Succeeding Lord High Admirals had absolute and entire command of the whole fleet of the kingdom, a business which was soon found to be too onerous for one man.

A division of labour became necessary; some one was wanted to look after the builders of the ships, some one after the victualling, another after the guns and stores, another after the accounts of receipt and expenditure. So the duties of the Admiralty were, in Charles the Second's time, imposed upon certain commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, and though the Duke of York (afterwards James II) was nominally still chief, and probably retained all patronage attaching to the office, the real work was done by the commissioners and the shipwrights, victuallers, etc., who worked under them.

Since the time of Charles II the Admiralty has almost always been in commission. William IV was made Lord High Admiral, but the title was only honorary, and was given out of compliment to his professional status. At the present moment the office of Lord High Admiral is executed by commissioners, consisting of the First Lord, who is a Cabinet Minister, and generally a civilian, three naval lords, a junior, who is called the civil lord, and a secretary. The First Lord, being a Minister, must of course be a member of one of the houses of Parliament, the secretary also must be a member, but the other lords are not necessarily in Parliament. These lords of the Admiralty and their secretary constitute the government of the navy and all connected with it. For the proper discharge of the duties the First Lord is responsible to the Crown and to Parliament, all the lesser lords being responsible to him. The official salary of the First Lord is £4,500 a year, the parliamentary secretary gets £2,000, and the other commissioners £1,000 a year each. For the chief and for the secretary, official residences are provided at Whitehall. The entire Board go out on a change of Government.

Acting under these commissioners are eight permanent officers or heads of departments, called respectively the Controller of the Navy, the Accountant-General, the Storekeeper-General, the Controller of Victualling, the Medical Director-General, the Director of Transports, the Director of Engineering and Architectural Works, and the Registrar of Contracts. The general nature of the duties supervised by these officers may be gathered from the titles of most of them, but some more particular explanation is needed to make the matter quite plain.

The Controller, or, as he was formerly called, the Surveyor of the Navy, is a member of the Board, and has complete control over the designing, building, rigging, and general furnishing of the ships. All the royal dockyards and steam factories are under his orders, and the officers of them are accountable to him. With him it rests to carry out such plans for the rebuilding and reorganisation of the navy as the Board may from time to time determine. His department furnishes the designs which are executed under his supervision in the royal dockyards, or in private factories.

All accounts of money expended for the purposes of the navy, whether for ships, stores, wages of men, or pay of officers, civil and military; are rendered to the Accountant-General, whose duty it is to see that they are all correct, and that the money voted by Parliament for the navy is spent in the way intended. The Accountant-General has to prepare the estimates with which the First Lord goes to Parliament for a vote in supply. He checks all claims by contractors or others upon the naval votes; has to pay the

officers, seamen, and marines, and coast-guards, and to prepare for the payment by the Paymaster-General, of the salaries of the *employés* in the Admiralty offices. Bills drawn by paymasters of the navy abroad for money disbursed in the public service, are drawn on the Accountant-General. He is the calculator and distributor of prize-money and of naval medals; and with him rests the preparation of the accounts annually laid before Parliament showing the way in which the money voted has been spent.

The Storekeeper-General has to provide and keep in stock all such ship's stores as may be required on fitting out a ship for service—masts, spars, anchors, ropes, sails, carpenter's stores, boatswain's stores, coals, and many other things.

Provisions and clothing for seamen and marines, crockery, glass, linen, and mess traps for officers and men, are provided by the Controller of Victualling, under whose control are the three great victualling establishments at Deptford, Gosport, and Plymouth, and the smaller depôts which are all over the world, wherever English ships cruise. He is judge of what stock of provisions and clothing to keep up, gives orders for the replenishing of the several stocks at home when they become low, and also directs what quantities shall be sent to foreign depôts for the use of the fleet abroad. He authorises contracts for fresh provisions to be supplied on demand at most ports in the kingdom, and orders contracts to be entered into also abroad for things which it would be unadvisable to send out—tea to China, for instance. To him the paymasters of ships, and the storekeepers at home and abroad, render accounts of the stores committed to them. It is, in short, his duty to find the navy in food and clothing, and to see that the supplies made are not wasted.

The Medical Department provides the medicines for the navy, and secures the services of properly qualified medical officers.

The Director of Transports provides passages for troops and all persons whatever travelling in the public service; he also provides freight for the conveyance of such stores as the Controller of the Navy, the Storekeeper-General, Controller of Victualling, or other principal officer may require.

The Director of Works sees to the erection and repair of Admiralty buildings, and the making and improvement of dockyards.

The Registrar of Contracts makes, on the requisition of the other principal officers, contracts for all such stores, provisions, wood, iron, canvas, guns, rope, etc., etc., as may be required; and takes care that the people who undertake the contracts are such people as can be trusted to carry them out.

The heads of all these departments are appointed for life, subject to removal, of course, for misbehaviour, and to retirement on pension. Five of them receive salaries of £1,300 a year, the others getting £1,000. Under them, of course, is a numerous staff of clerks, whose duty it is to execute the details of the work; and over them, for the purpose of general supervision, is a Lord of the Admiralty: each of the lords takes some one or more department under his special charge. A Lord of the Admiralty is a sort of guardian of the guardians, and few matters of importance, such as an order to pay money, or to make a contract, can be done without his sanction. He himself also is not paramount, but refers any question of great importance to the decision of his colleagues at the Board.

In addition to these duties of supervision, each of the lords takes upon himself the direction of a par-

ticular "line," as it is called; that is to say, he is controller of the discipline of certain classes of officers, the overseer of certain special branches of service. The First Lord, who has the entire patronage, civil and military, of the navy, and of the naval departments, is supreme arbiter on all questions; but the First Sea Lord takes special cognisance of all matters affecting the military officers—that is, officers who enter as naval cadets, and may rise to be admirals; another lord looks after the navigating officers, and the small but important department of the Hydrographer or Chart-maker; others take the civilian officers, as paymasters, naval clerks, surgeons, and engineers; while for the government of the Royal Marines there is a Deputy Adjutant-General, an officer of high rank in the corps, who is directly responsible to the Board.

The Coast-guard, which is also under the Admiralty, has for its practical head a commodore, who has the same sort of control over the various stations, guard-ships, and cruisers, as a commander-in-chief has over his fleet, and he is in like manner answerable to the Board for his conduct.

Greenwich was the head-quarters of the Admiralty in the time of Elizabeth, and a spot near Seething Lane, City, in the time of Charles II. At present the Board, the Secretary's office, the office of the Controller of the Navy, and of the Hydrographer, are at Whitehall; the Coast-guard office, and the Royal Marine office, are in Spring Gardens, and the rest of the departments are located in Somerset House, Strand. Arrangements are, however, in progress which will have the effect of concentrating most of the offices having any connection with the Board, at Whitehall. Only those departments for which there is not enough space there, and which are not necessarily connected with the Board, will be retained at Somerset House; and they will be so only until accommodation can be provided for them at Whitehall. These arrangements will be accompanied by considerable reductions in the official staff of the several departments, and in the merging of some departments in others. The Coast-guard office will cease to exist as a separate establishment on the 31st March, and the duties hitherto devolving upon it will be discharged by the Secretary's office; the department of the Storekeeper-General will be merged in that of the Controller of the Navy, and the Medical Department will be incorporated with the Victualling office. Other changes will be made, both at head-quarters and at the ports, by which the Ministers think to effect a large reduction on the navy estimates for the year.

FROM NUBIA DOWN THE NILE.

BY HOWARD HOPELY.

CHAPTER VI.—LOWER NUBIA.

"There is continual spring and harvest there;
Continual, both meeting at one tyme:
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare
And with fresh colours decke the wanton pryme.
And eke att once the heavy trees they clyme,
Which seeme to labour under their fruities' lode:
The whiles the ioyous birdes make their pastyme
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their trew loves without suspition tell abrode."

THE country we had now sailed into was far different from that about Ipsambul—a landscape of fair gar-

dens in place of desert. Sweet plots of summer greenery, shot with the mellow gold of innumerable palms, lay on either bank of the river. And although from beyond that rim of verdure the barren sand-stone range cropped up jagged and rude, yet it was but the garden wall—gorgeous and gem-like in the matter of colour—to a garden enclosed. We were now serpentining our course through a region of yellow, red, and purple, with just enough of green to harmonise the whole.

The evil days were not remembered in presence of these sunshines that were never clouded; encompassed in this fertility of never-fading fields. Here surely was the Happy Valley. Nature here had built for herself a cloistered nursery, in which to sing lullabies to her favoured children and pet them to the full. Hardy northmen—by no means spoilt sons of nature!—might here, with some show of decency, have taken umbrage at her scanty favours with them. With difficulty could they even picture such delights. Were it not, indeed, that the eternal law of compensation has ordained that higher qualities should be developed in those to whom nature is seemingly unfriendly, we might demur at her decisions. But then the northman—for the time being, at least lords it over this mixed world of ours.

For several successive days we strolled ashore, hither and thither at will, the boat lagging for us in the daytime, but floating down swiftly at night. Thus we were treated to a perpetual change of scene. Sometimes the desert again closed in, and for miles our walk lay over sandy ways furrowed with occasional oases where palm-trees grew. Such islands served for noontide resting-places. There we took lunch. In the pleasant gloom of their recesses there is usually a well.

One day, Smith, in getting water, stumbled into a thick undergrowth of clustering mimosa, and shrieked out that a thousand thorns were sticking into him. "He was a living pincushion." We picked him out and found that every spray on the shrub was fast closing up—daintily folding in its leaflets like a daisy in a storm. He had fallen into a thicket of sensitive plants, which resented his intrusion as heartily as he disrelished their uncivil caress.

Wayside wells, as I said, are common in these lone places. I give a sketch of one. Fellahs in their travels from village to village halt beside them for rest. You cannot express how grateful are these shadowy coverts, inns of nature's fashioning to a weary traveller, nor how welcome the spring. For a thirsty soul is doubly thirsty here. Wells without water is in the East a term of terrible reproach.

We lay hidden one day beneath a screen of intertwined palm fronds, dreamily lapped in a kind of doze—a slumbrous feeling communicated, I believe, by watching the shameful inactivity of a tribe of birds in their twilight cloisters above of boughs swinging gently in the lazy airs of summer's noon,—birds that manifestly toiled not for their living, but took it on trust, flaunting themselves in the most gorgeous plumage imaginable, and neither singing, or even chatting for the matter of that. We were lying here I say, when we espied through our leafy screen the advent of some travellers. A mother and two children—a chubby unclad urchin of two or three, and an elder sister—entered from the outer glare and squatted down in the golden light filtering from above on to the sandy arena of the grove. They could not have travelled far, for they came in so

gladsome and fresh. The daughter, a fine-grown girl of twelve, ran off to the well and tripped back playfully, with one hand daintily steadying an earthen bowl, dripping over with the grateful drink. Her mother awaited it, her back against a palm, in the attitude of *Judea Capta* on the Roman coin. How

fringe decked out coquettishly with a multitude of cowry shells and glass beads, all of which tinkled merrily as she skipped along. You could not, for the life of you, call it an immodest costume, the thing was so natural and innocent. Indeed, in this country, until girls marry, such is their only dress, save a slight veil thrown over the head against the sun.

When we came out of our nest, our swarthy friends were frightened, and would have fled, but we made beseeching overtures for them to tarry. Smith threw down his gun on the loose sand. We then held temptingly forward some dates and oranges, accompanying the action with energetic signs to assure them we were tame. The Professor even took off his spectacles, which, being of coloured glass, were always a stumbling-block to children. After a bit they tarried, reluctant, but would not permit us to come near. So we placed the remains of our lunch on a fallen palm trunk, and then walked back ten paces. It was not enough, we must go farther. Seeing we were merry at their fear, and withal amiable looking ogres, they became more venturesome. The girl crept up, warily as a robin after a crumb, and with a shout to kindle her courage, snatched the prize and ran off. We laughed so heartily at her bravery, and looked so benevolent (we flattered ourselves), that finally these dusky Nubians fraternised with us. By-and-by they had no fear at all. And then, like an uplifted pendulum that swings the other way, they became boisterous and demanded backsheesh.

We bargained and bought the mother's earrings, rough jewels of brass, Abyssinian workmanship, for a few khamsas. Then, grown bold, we bid for the necklaces of her daughter. The little woman was rather averse to losing her finery, but when we wood her with a handful of small copper pieces, her eyes brightened up, and, like the Arcadian shepherd boy, piping as if he would never grow old, she clutched the wealth in both her hands, and danced with glee, enriched, she thought, for ever! We were rather curious to know where the money would finally be put; for she had no dress to store it away



A ROADSIDE WELL.

these Nubian faces flash out sometimes an intelligence that no one would give them credit for! This woman, under thirty, perhaps, yet already old and wrinkled, might have been handsome enough once, but the expression of her face was dull and stolid—of the earth earthy. Yet as she sat there straining her little blackamoor to her breast, the soul came up in her face, and she looked positively beautiful. It was like lighting the candle within the lantern. She wore a tunic of camel-hair fabric, Nubian fashion, looped up on each shoulder, leaving the arms bare. It had more the cut of the Greek palla, than the skirt of the Egyptian fellah—a kind of extra fold falling from the neck to the waist.

The daughter, a pretty little woman, lissom and shapely, you might have taken for a dryad of the wood. Just budding into the woman, she retained all the playfulness of the child, and romped free in the changing leafy lights of this copse, as if her life were all play. There was something so gracious and winsome about her that you could not find heart to cavil. Yet her hair was reeking with castor oil, and I am afraid the gloss on her supple limbs was attributable to that same unguent. She seemed almost perfect in form; and the hair in question, which fell in a hundred little plaits about her shoulders (shortened in a line across the forehead), framed a face of which the big black eyes, pouting lips, and placid mien, seemed an echo of those sweet faces you see pictured in the old tombs—an echo from a far-back world. Her sole dress, save a necklace or two of beads, was a short petticoat of tiny strips of leather, a kind of



HEAD-DRRESS OF EGYPTIAN GIRL.

in. After a time the same perplexing point seemed to present itself to her. It was a difficult problem—

a dilemma, by the way, that in another shape is often a poser to more advanced capitalists—

"Those who've no money are troubled without it,
And those who *have* are troubled about it."

The girl's countenance fell when she found she must deliver to her mother her newly-got treasure. Like the sudden gust that blurs the surface of the pool, her face became thoughtful. She gave her riches up with a sigh. We also deprived her (by purchase) of a leathern amulet that hung round her neck. It was a square thing like a big die, of similar make to the Jewish phylactery that rabbis wear on their forehead. It contained a word or two of the Koran inside. Girls here carry them as charms. Thus, finally, piece by piece we had despoiled our little friend of all the raiment she wore—saw always the above-mentioned dandified fringe of leather. We were rather abashed at having taken so much. But she did not seem to feel the bereavement, and when we went she looked as happy as a child with a new doll. They pointed northward, and made signs that their home was there. They had been visiting friends in a hamlet hard by. So we bade them adieu.

After that, strolling along, we came to a temple half-buried in the yellow sand-drift. It was the little temple of Amada, dedicated to Phra, "God of the Celestial Mountains." We crept in through the space beneath the lintel, and explored each chapel and chamber. It is a gem of art. Most of the sculptures which thickly crowd pillar and wall are uninjured. The colours remain brilliant and fresh as when they were laid on. The early Christians used this temple as a sanctuary, and covered the obnoxious imagery with a coating of plaster, painting thereon symbols of their faith. By this they have done great service to art. For now as the Christian stucco falls off, there is displayed a wealth of heathen picturings beneath, wonderful in their beauty—hieroglyphical stories, anterior to the Exodus, sharp as when the chisel chased them in the stone, and paintings grim and graphic as Pharaoh's artist could make them.

At evening we sighted the red streamer of our dahabeeyah beyond the shore line of palms, and made for it across country. When we got on board a troop of solemn storks were holding silent conclave in the shallows near the bank, standing on one leg, the fashionable attitude with storks. The sunset burnt red behind them, and projected their lanky shadows on the glassy water, while a full-mouthed chorus of croaking bull frogs under the palms bore us company as we floated down the stream.

Next morning we found ourselves in as fertile a country as yesterday's had been desert and bare. The sun rose on a pastoral landscape smiling in early springtide. Deep nooks and recesses of verdure stretched from river-shore to sand: an Arcadia of about half a mile in breadth, crossed and recrossed right up to the foot of the desert hills by little grateful rills of pure water, sent hurrying hither and thither amid the greenery from the buffalo-driven rustic water-wheels on the bank, to freshen the thirsty land.

We lighted on a little Nubian village of thirty houses, cloistered amidst branchy palms, and set in surrounding plots of thickly blossoming cotton, lupin, and maize. We disentangled a path through these shrubberies, where all the womankind of the village seemed afield. We saw no men. They were lounging

in the shadow of wall or copse, or truanting, likely enough, on the cool banks of the river, smoking, or recounting pleasant histories. In these lands it is wealth for a man to possess several wives. They do all his work for him. As for children, why the more the merrier. The quiver is never too full. Nubian soil will bring in three harvests a year, and who is to garner the crops save they of a man's own family? Corn, maize, sugar, millet, are all reaped by women. In the thick of the cotton-field you may see damsels, dusky and graceful, flitting hither and thither amid the shadows all the long sunny hours, picking—not busily, mind—at the fluffy pods, which, engarlanded in scarlet autumn-tipped leaves, and yellow blossoms, hang bursting with their woolly wealth. Old women stay at home, mind babies, grind corn, bake bread. Young girls wander about with flocks of goats, and spin, and little urchins of six or seven drive the buffalo that turns his weary round at the sakia on the bank. Wonderful it is to watch the docility of that big stolid beast, obeying every gesture or word of his shrill-voiced boy-driver, heard above the monotonous creak of wheel, and splash of water-jars dashing out their sparkling wealth into the shady shallows of the common pool. Man, lordly man, is the only idler here.

We were coldly received. Women, to whom in passing we made polite salaams, barely condescended to notice us. Men, squatting by the huts in the outskirts amid the doum palms and date thickets, did not seem to appreciate our desire to fraternise. We persevered, however, and went on to the village, to the bigger houses. Without some impudence you are not likely to see much of native life in these lands. We were anxious, moreover, to give the Nubians an opportunity of showing us hospitality, one of the virtues that brings its own reward. So we set ourselves to ostentatiously pry into secret nooks and corners, and loiter curiously about the doors in hopes of obtaining an invitation to enter. We even climbed a wall that we might be able to peep in through the imperfect roof of one dwelling upon the astonished family below. It was an easy matter. For though these houses are more pretentious than those of Upper Egypt, the roofing is the same—a thick layer of palm branches, with a superstratum of mud—a bare screen against the sun. How such light roofs manage to survive in a high wind I don't know. It must be an anxious time. Perhaps, after the Irish fashion, householder and family climb on their thatch to steady it, and sit there until the storm is abated.

We looked wistfully, I say, into each open door, but without response. The people were callously indifferent to the honour we purposed doing them. Some indeed offered curiosities for sale: rough ivory anklets, arrows, clubs, hippopotamus hide shields. One old man dragged out an enormous crocodile to cheapen with us, and shot it down at our feet. "There," said he, opening out both his hands, "you shall have that for twenty piastres—one, two, three, four"—and he proceeded to count imaginary coppers on the teeth of that hideous open-mouthed reptile. But all our enterprising researches, though serving to draw a crowd about us, would have fallen through, had not fortune sent to our aid our dusky friends of yesterday. Welcome as sunset to the man of toil was this unexpected recognition. Mother and daughter whom we had so lately despoiled thrust their

way through the circle, laid hands on the Professor, and muttered a shibboleth which, like some masonic spell, brought us into fellowship with all. Every house was now open to us. The village dogs and babies even fraternised. And at the head of a motley procession we made triumphal entry into the most distinguished houses of the hamlet.

Such houses! No rustic cottage porch trellised over with lush woodbine, nor trim sanded parlour, nor cosy hearth, but four bare walls of baked mud, a little inner chamber, an open door—swinging on hinges of twisted palm fibre—and the aforementioned hopeless thatch to cover in the whole! On that thatch, by the way, hens and pigeons peck and scrabble, and a fine dust is thus rained down on the greasy skins of women and children beneath, only to be washed off by fresh applications of the cherished and often rancid oil. This is a Nubian home. But then the luxury of that golden sunlight outside, and the loveliness of earth and sky, and the plump palms whispering their vespers in the balmy evening air! To gain such sunlight, to listen to such whisperings, who would not exchange his foggy dwelling for a tent? Yes: drearier homes than that may be found within the radius of a certain great city the writer wots of! And however unlike these tropic huts to the dwellings of Europe, however dissimilar their *ménage*, the humanities are the same. Mothers as doting, wives as proud, grand-dames as fussy, are there—nothing touches the universal tie of blood. In the houses we visited, the women were always astir to impress us with the cleverness of their children. One little naked monkey had begun that day to toddle alone. His proud mother, a mere girl, for our edification propped him up, umbrella fashion, against the hinge of her door, then retreated stooping, and coaxed him to follow her—to traverse that wide desert alone. The little gentleman, an enterprising spirit, attempted it, floundered about a little, and—came to grief. Propped up a second time, he started anew on his travels and was successful—joyful arms received the primitive pilgrim, and a wild look of triumph was shot at us, as much as to say, "Now match me your white children with mine!" Of course we had no babies with us to pit against the little prodigy, so we gave in. We stooped down, patted him on his back, and, I believe, the Professor kissed him. In one house an old woman, so shrivelled that you could hardly detect her sex, was at work, making bread, grinding corn, kneading cakes—going through the whole operation, in fact. Unlike the Egyptian women, Nubians do not grind between circular stones. They rub a kind of muller over a granite slab, after the manner of a painter grinding his colours. The wheat is thus broken, mixed with water, and so crushed at once into dough. There is a picture in one of the Theban tombs that represents the exact proceeding. Three thousand years had left it undimmed to show the ancient counterpart of the scene we witnessed in that Nubian dwelling. There was the block, the bread in process of manufacture, the old woman and all.

Most of the houses we entered possessed a broad bed, or divan, of palm wicker-work, on which the whole family slept—a numerous gathering. How they all manage to arrange themselves comfortably I don't know, for the villages swarm with children—healthy, happy little urchins, who duck and tumble about in the dust as if the world were made for them. The night-gear of the Nubians is a simple blanket

of goat- or camel-hair, big enough to wrap themselves up in, head and all. They use a wooden pillow, like in shape to that common in old Egypt, as seen in the tombs. There is one (ancient) I believe in the British Museum. We purchased several modern ones, cut out of sycamore wood.



A few arms—arrows, iron-tipped spears, ebony clubs—decorate the bare walls of each dwelling, along with a chibouque or two; and these constitute the whole furniture. The spreading palm outside waves its shadow over the porch, and affords kindly shelter from the summer's noontide. As for winter, they reck not of its cold. No frosty chill ever comes to nip their early buds and blossoms. One source of wealth is the cultivation of henna—leaves used by women throughout the East to dye with rosy tint the tips of their nails and parts both of fingers and toes. It is a very ancient custom, referred to in Deut. xxi. 12 (marg.); Solomon's Song, "cluster of camphire" (Septuagint). The henna shrub (*Lawsonia inermis*) is somewhat like a dwarf olive or privet.

The hair of girls is plaited short over the forehead, in line above the eyebrows, with (occasionally) rings inserted as a fringe. The rest, worked in a multiplicity of tiny plaits, knotted at the end, falls in disarray about the shoulders—never undone or combed out, I should say, and greasy with castor-oil. This mode of wearing the hair was one of the prevailing fashions among the belles of old Egypt, as recorded in the tombs—very becoming, a pretty framework to a pretty face. I have seen girls' hair dressed after the manner of the Egyptian wig in the British Museum. Do not imagine, however, from this that false hair and chignons have place with the modern Egyptians or Nubians. No. The people are not sufficiently advanced for such luxuries: they are yet but half civilised! All travellers agree on their inveterate antipathy to modern improvements. Nevertheless, when one hears rumours of an hotel (limited, of course) at Thebes, and is informed by credible witnesses that in these days steamboats ply for hire on the sacred river, one is led to believe—to entertain a hope, may be—that the fruits of our western civilisation may be ultimately adopted there. It is not, by the way, to the moderns we are indebted for the introduction of false hair. Even the hackneyed joke concerning it is a piracy from Martial's epigram:—

"The golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it."

Nubian women, spite of their dark complexion, often blacken their eyes with kohl. They dip a small blunt probe of wood, moistened, into the powder—a kind of antimony—and draw it along the lashes and eyelids until they are lined with black. It gives a very dreamy look to the eyes. It is a very ancient custom, and kohl vessels, with probes and powder in them, have been found in the tombs. Jezebel painted her eyes to allure her lovers (2 Kings ix. 30—margin). See also Ezek. xxiii. 40.

On the edge of the desert under the hill, and just beyond the shore line where sand and fertility commingle, we found the village cemetery. We knew it

by the recent graves marked out in the sand by a simple oval of polished pebbles laid one to another like the border of a flower-bed. On the desert's rim there is usually a kind of shingle of very beautiful stones. I often picked up pebbles of jasper, cornelian, agate. The most precious and showy of these had here been chosen to mark each sleeper's resting-place. There were two small ovals we noticed significantly planted side by side—children's graves. Fresh palm branches had been littered over them. The tearful yearning eyes of some young mother perhaps, such as we had seen toying with her child, Rachel-like had wept there. A withered old man, worn and weary, was sitting near, under the graven porch of some ancient grotto that had been caverned deep in the hill—an old pilgrim manifestly near to the end of his journey. He clutched a long mimosa staff in his mummied fingers, and leaned his white bearded chin against it, looking, in this couching posture, like a bundle of outcast humanity.

He had evidently travelled to that border-land of life where the fresh springing of summer growth is shrivelled by arid contact with the frontier sand. He had come to the point where the mists thin away on the horizon's verge, and through rifts and breaks let in a light other than that which is around and familiar. He muttered an indistinct word or two to us, when we pointed inquiringly at the graves: but he did not budge nor look up. We passed him and lit our candles in the twilight vestibule of that ancient excavation, and then descended into the recesses of the rock. He was still sitting there when we came out.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER.

Is the "Leisure Hour" for last June, page 410, there appeared a critical and biographical sketch of this eminent historian, necessarily touching upon the works of his father, the Scottish Lord of Session, Woodhouselee, who preceded him with hardly less distinction in the world of literature. It is not in my province to enlarge upon that general view (which I read with interest); but I venture to hope that I may cast an additional vivid and peculiar light upon it by including my lamented friend among the illustrations offered in these papers. At all events the portrait will be fresh, and cannot fail to be true; for it is the individual, in his great life's literary concern, drawn from nature by himself.

Before proceeding with my task, however, I would fain pause to point again specially to the extraordinary resemblance between the writings of the father and the son. Their historical and biographical productions run parallel, or rather seem to be a continuation of the same mind working upon the same design, whilst the digressions into several popular or learned branches of intellectual investigation and exposition also observe a similar striking sameness, only varied by the difference of subjects. A catalogue of their volumes would afford a very remarkable family proof of blood-relation by descent, combined with a mental identity as unique as if the Two were One. There is nothing like it so psychologically curious in English literature.

I first heard of Mr. Fraser Tytler as the author of "Travels in France," about 1815, when he was about twenty-five years of age. This was followed by his

Life of the Admirable Crichton, some six years later, which made him personally known to me and celebrated as an author in every literary circle, at home and abroad. Our friendly intercourse continued to the time of his death, before he had attained the age of sixty. A constitution not originally very strong, worn out with zealous researches, unbending study, and the indefatigable labours of the pen, yielded to the pressure, and he passed away.

The first letter, still eight years later than the publication of "Crichton," with which I commence, will form a suitable introduction to the traits developed in the rest.

36, Melville Street, 12th May, 1830.

DEAR SIR.—I was upon the wing for Scotland when I received your kind letter, and had not time to reply. I shall be most happy to speak to Mr. Chambers regarding the History of Scotland for your new work, and I have little doubt that he would do it well. With regard to my entering into any agreement or understanding regarding a History of the Reformation, or indeed any other work, it is quite impossible until I have finished what I have undertaken for Mr. Murray, which, if I have health, will occupy me for the next sixteen or seventeen months, and till then I must keep free from any other literary engagements, except labouring at my larger and more serious undertaking, the History of Scotland.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours, with much esteem,

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER.

It is necessary to explain, with reference to this letter, that Messrs. Colburn and Bentley had projected the publication of a complete circle of volumes, to be entitled "The Juvenile Library," of which I was to be the editor; and commissioned me to engage competent writers to accomplish the work. In the discharge of this duty, I had written to Mr. Tytler, and, now that so many similar undertakings have saturated the market, it may be interesting to record that the Mr. Chambers he mentions (Robert) was then little known to fame, but rising into notice as a contributor to "Constable's Miscellany," and that he cheerfully agreed to furnish me with a History of Scotland for a very moderate honorarium. It may further be not unworthy of noting as an episode in contemporary literary history, that among other able and distinguished writers (some of whom have since risen to higher eminence) I succeeded in enlisting Mr. Crofton Croker, with Sir William Betham, for Ireland; Captain Becker for the biography of circumnavigators, and G. P. R. James, of celebrated commanders; Mr. Vigors, founder of the Zoological Society, for ornithology; Dr. A. Todd Thomson, for botany; for great queens, Mrs. Jameson; poets and poetry, L. E. L.; contrasts of conquerors and philanthropists, Miss Jowsbury; for France, T. Wright; heraldry and costume, J. R. Planché; for the history of the children of Israel, Dr. Wait, and of Christianity, science, and art, other learned scholars and men of acknowledged talent in every various branch of this really cyclopædæ design. Lamentable to say, after some progress had been made, and the MSS. more or less received, the publishers saw reason to discontinue the work, and my painful position may be surmised, when claims for compensation were sent in, and even lawsuits commenced (one tried).* My principals had to pay a considerable

* A whimsical anecdote may not here be amiss. I was being examined as a witness in the Court of Common Pleas, in the action brought by Mr. Planché (which determined the rest), by Mr. Serjeant Wilde, who, holding up a letter, asked if it was my writing. Forgetful of our relative situations at the bar and in the box, and mindful perhaps of old intimacies, I answered "I cannot tell at this distance; but if you will hand it up to me, and it enables me to speak more distinctly to any of the circumstances, I will gladly do it." The letter was only a *brutum*.

amount for the unfinished productions of a scheme so auspiciously "begun, but broke off i' the middle," upon grounds I never could divine.

But to return to my letters. Here is one manifesting the warmth of heart which ever animated the writer.

36, Melville Street, May 28th, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—I feel very grateful for your kind critique of the "Scottish Worthies," and I trust and hope that the second volume will not discredit the high praise you have bestowed on the work. I now write on a subject very important to my prospects and literary labours. The death of the Rev. Edward Davies makes a vacancy in one of the Royal Associates of the Royal Society of Literature, and I am sure you will forgive my requesting those good offices in being nominated to that vacancy, which you were so kind as to promise when I had the pleasure of meeting you in London. I have already been for many years one of the Honorary Associates, and I hope I may plead that what little I have done, and, if health is spared me, intend yet to do, for the promotion of literature, renders me not ineligible to fill the vacancy. Will you have the goodness to favour me with an early answer suggesting the sources of interest to which I should apply and the probability of success. The fourth volume of the "History of Scotland," which I shall have much pleasure in sending to you, will be ready on 6th June.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Very grateful yours,
P. FRASER TYTLER.

In another letter on the following day, he informs me that he had written to our president, the Bishop of Salisbury, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Sir James Macintosh, "but again lays the flatteringunction on my soul," "I chiefly rely on your kind promise and friendly offices, for I am sure you have much influence." But if I had really possessed all power, it would have been useless; for, with the death in the preceding year of George IV, his munificent grant of a thousand guineas per annum allotted to ten Royal Associates ceased to be, and the nine survivors of Mr. Davies met in life with disappointment which fortunately could not be felt by the dead! Mr. Tytler was indignant with this conclusion of the patriotic effort to promote and encourage our national literature, and thus expresses himself in the last letter I shall quote.

36, Melville Street, 14th June, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg your acceptance of the fourth volume of the "History of Scotland," which I submit to your kind and judicious criticism. The period which it embraces has hitherto, even in our latest writers, been very obscure, and if you have an hour or two of leisure to examine and compare the narrative of the present volume, with their abrupt and contradictory details, you will see that something has been effected towards the restoration of historical truth. It must be recollected, however, that Penkerton, our latest historian, was not in possession of the materials of which I have availed myself, and I have therefore avoided making a parade of correction or discovery in foot-notes. From this circumstance the general reader will not be aware of the trouble which the investigations of a single page have sometimes cost the author, and still less of the new lights which are thrown over some of the most material transactions of this portion of our history.

The fate of the Royal Associates is very melancholy, and not a little discreditable. I trust the matter will come before Parliament, and awaken the Government to a sense of its apathy in the encouragement of letters.

Believe me, dear Sir, most sincerely yours,

Patrick Fraser Tytler.

From the foregoing I trust the reader may be able

fulmen, not uncommon in law courts, and my inquisitive friend threw it down, observing, amid the laughter of our audience, "No, no, Mr. J., that is not the way we do business here, whatever we may have done elsewhere long ago!"

to conceive the special portrait of a true man of letters (and it is simply as such that I have spoken of him here), whose heart was inspired with the love of literature, and his life devoted to the investigation and elucidation of subjects requiring the severest exercise of the intellectual faculties. His own words but faintly describe his labours, and only indicate the conscientiousness with which he applied them for the instruction and benefit of his country and the civilised world. During his latter years he received a pension of £200 from the civil list; for, like the majority of his brethren, he had failed to secure a competency from his literary anxieties and toils. His sterling works, I suppose, must serve for his monument, as I have not as yet heard of any proposal for a public recognition, such as it is the honourable custom of the times to offer to the memories of those who are deemed worthy of outward and ostensible acknowledgment. Few have deserved it so well as Patrick Fraser Tytler.

DEATHBED OF CHARLES V.

ARCHBISHOP CARRANZA AND THE VIA MEDIA.

MIGNET, the celebrated French historian, in his work entitled, "Charles the Fifth, his Abdication, his Residence and Death at the Monastery of Yuste," gives full particulars of the deathbed scenes from contemporary documents. We translate this part of his narrative on account of the uncommon interest attaching to the death of one who had played so conspicuous a part in the drama of history, and in order that by following the fortunes of one of the eminent bystanders, the Archbishop of Toledo, we may bring out an instructive and little-heeded record. The great religious conflict of the Reformation epoch, salvation by Christ or salvation by works, is vividly presented where we would little expect it, in the chamber of the dying monarch.

Mignet details the progress of the Emperor's illness from day to day, and thus proceeds in his narrative of what occurred on the 20th of September, 1558:—

During the whole day Juan Regla, Francisco de Villalba, and several other monks of the convent, read to him the prayers and exhortations appointed by the Church for the dying. He himself chose the psalms and the prayers which he desired to hear. He also requested to have read to him, from the Gospel of St. Luke, the Passion of our Lord, to which he listened with joined hands and profound attention. He closed his eyes in prayer, but opened them whenever he heard the name of God pronounced.

The Archbishop of Toledo, whose coming he had greatly desired, on account of the mission with which he was charged by the king, his son, at length arrived at the monastery about noon. Carranza had approached slowly and by short stages. Charles V., to whom he had been chaplain and preacher, had entertained for him very high esteem on account of his knowledge, his piety, and his virtues; he had sent him to the Council of Trent as his chief theologian, where the eloquent and clever Dominican had acquired immense reputation amongst the fathers of the council. Desiring to recompense his services and to use his zeal, he had nominated him twice as bishop, but Carranza had humbly declined to accept the

honour. He had placed him by the side of his son in 1554, when Philip II had married Queen Mary Tudor, and whilst England was being drawn violently back to the Catholic faith. The very important part which Carranza played in this restoration of the ancient creed, the talent which he had developed, and the success which he had secured, had endeared him to his new master, of whom he was the spiritual director in England and in Flanders, and who, on the death of Martin de Siliceo, had, in concert with the Pope, nominated him Archbishop of Toledo, without his desire and even without his consent. Primate of Spain thus as it were in spite of himself, Carranza encountered the jealous hatred of Valdes the Inquisitor-General, and occasioned distrust in the mind of the Emperor himself.

The Emperor was astonished at his acceptance of the office. He supposed that his humility and simple virtue, which had been strong enough to resist the offer of an ordinary bishopric, would have much more prevented his acceptance of the highest episcopal office in Spain. To these unfavourable prepossessions were added the accusations of Valdes, to which the unfortunate Archbishop was ultimately to yield. The Inquisitor-General had represented him to the Emperor as having, by his teaching, encouraged the Spanish heretics recently arrested at Valladolid and at Seville. The truth is, that without in anywise separating himself from the orthodox Church, to which he remained submissive, Carranza drew near to the fundamental doctrine of the Reformers, and availed himself of their process of demonstration, in introducing in his "Commentaries on the Christian Catechism," and in several other works, the principle of free justification by faith in Christ, and in relying on the indisputable authority of the sacred writings, instead of resorting solely to the authority of the Church.

Charles V was not therefore free from prejudices against him. When Quijada introduced him into the chamber, with the two Dominicans who accompanied him, Pedro Sotomayor and Diego Ximenez, the Archbishop fell on his knees at the bedside of the Emperor, whose hand he kissed. The Emperor, who was drawing near his end, beheld him for some time without speaking, and then, after having asked him tidings of the king, his son, invited him to take rest. Further on towards the evening, he requested Quijada to have ready the holy tapers brought from the celebrated shrine of Notre Dame de Montserrat, and also the crucifix and the image of the Virgin, which the Empress had held whilst dying, and with which, as he had already told him, he too should wish to die. A few moments afterwards, his weakness increasing, Quijada recalled the Archbishop of Toledo, that he should aid the Emperor at the last. The Archbishop conversed piously on death, in presence of the confessor Juan de Regla, the preacher Francisco de Villalba, the prior of Yuste, and the former prior of Granada, Count Oropesa, his brother Francisco de Toledo, Don Luis d'Avila, grand commander of Alcantara and of Quijada, who were all in the room and around the Emperor's bed. At the request of the august sufferer he read the psalm, "De profundis," supplementing each verse with suitable reflections; afterwards falling on his knees, and showing to the Emperor the crucifix, he said to him these consoling words, which later were imputed to him as a crime by the Inquisition, "Behold Him who paid for all; there is no longer sin, all is forgiven!"

Many of the monks in the room, and the grand commander, Alcantara, were surprised at these words, which seemed to place in Christ alone the work of salvation freely acquired by man through the great redemption of the cross, without man contributing anything towards it by his merits. So when the Archbishop had ended, Don Luis d'Avila requested Francisco Villalba to speak, from his side, to the Emperor on death and salvation, in the expectation that he would give a more Catholic exhortation.

The monastic preacher did not, in fact, seek to place on so high a footing the consolations and hopes which he offered to the dying Emperor. He did not draw on the redemption that is in Christ, but on the aid to be obtained from the saints. "Your Majesty may rejoice," said he, "that to-day is St. Matthew's day. St. Matthew and St. Matthias were two apostles, two brethren, bearing nearly the same name, both disciples of Jesus Christ. With such intercessors there can be nothing to fear. Let your Majesty turn your heart with confidence towards God, who will to-day put you in possession of his glory." The two doctrines which divided the age thus were presented together before the Emperor on the point of death. He listened to them with a tranquil joy, which diffused itself over his shrunken countenance, without probably discerning that in the one case the stress was laid upon the redeeming work of God, and in the other on the moral co-operation of man. Trusting at the same time to the restoring sacrifice of Christ, and to the beneficial intercession of the saints, "he evinced," says the Archbishop of Toledo, "a grand peace and joy, which struck and comforted all of us who were in his presence."

Towards two o'clock in the morning, Wednesday, the 21st of September, the Emperor felt that his powers were departing, and that he was about to die. Holding his own pulse, he raised his head as he said, "All is over!" He requested the monks to read the prayers and lessons for the dying, and that Quijada would light the holy tapers. He took from the Archbishop the crucifix which the Empress had held during her last moments, placed it to his lips, and struck himself twice on the chest with it. Then, having the holy taper in his right hand, which Quijada supported, holding his left towards the crucifix which the Archbishop held up before him, he said, "The time is come." A little while after he again pronounced the name of Jesus, and died after giving two or three sighs. "Thus ended," wrote Quijada, in his sorrow and affection, "the greatest man who ever has been or will be."*

The simple but solemn reference thus made by Carranza to the all-sufficient merits of Christ, this instance of fidelity to conviction of saving truth under such critical circumstances, was the occasion of bitter and life-long persecution to the Archbishop of Toledo. It was felt that in this truth lay the power of the Reformation. In order the better to comprehend this, we must refer to some previous particulars in the life of this remarkable man.

Carranza is a good type of a class of men not uncommon in the sixteenth century, and not extinct yet; men who hold the distinguishing tenets of evangelical truth without renouncing the opposite errors, failing to perceive, or fearing to act on, the inherent antagonism between the two beliefs. They present a

* Mignet, "Charles Quint," p. 434.

spectacle of practical inconsistency which deprives them of the sympathies of both parties in the great conflict, and consigns them to a lower place in the roll of historic renown than their abilities and opportunity would otherwise have commanded. They hold the doctrine of justification by faith in the atoning blood of Christ. For this they are relentlessly persecuted by the papal party. They hold to the Papacy and the saints, and for this they are of course repudiated by Protestants. Valdes and his numerous followers held in this respect the same position as Michael Angelo, Giulia Gonzaga, as Dean Colet, and the Oxford Reformers of 1498, and were the precursors of the Port Royalists in France, and of a host of illustrious men who have vainly sought a *via media*. The measure of persecution which they meted to others at one time, was measured again to themselves at another. Bartolomé Carranza, the youthful friend of Juan Valdes, received from the latter, as a present, his treatise on the interpretation of Holy Scripture, the first fruits of the reformed doctrine in Spain. This treatise clearly expresses the truth that we are justified only by a lively faith in the sufferings and death of Christ.* Carranza was a man of activity and mental power. He wrote and published numerous works in Latin and Castilian against the Protestants, besides constantly preaching against them, but he ever retained his own personal faith in the work of Christ. His zeal, eloquence, and high character, led, as we have seen, to his being selected by Charles v to accompany his son Philip to England on his marriage with Queen Mary. Foxe relates how he fulfilled his mission by advising the deadly persecution of the English martyrs, burning the dead as well as the living. His morose master raised him to the dignity of Archbishop of Toledo, the primacy of all Spain, as a reward for his numerous services to the Catholic religion. It was immediately after this elevation that he came to the monastery of Yuste with a message from the King, and was only in time to witness the death of the great Emperor.

Notwithstanding that he was then the ecclesiastical head of the Church in Spain, the favourite of two powerful monarchs, and generally held in high esteem by nobles and people, yet the taint of heresy was discovered in his writings, even in those which he had composed in opposition to the Protestants. The men who had stood with him at the solemn deathbed of the Emperor, the confessor Juan Regla, the Inquisitor-General Valdes, who hated him for his success, leagued themselves together to destroy him. He was accused of holding and promulgating heresy, especially in his commentaries on the Christian catechism, wherein he had laid down the proposition that the ancient fathers were more scripturally pure and sound than the modern; the very proposition constantly affirmed by the Reformers. The Inquisitor-General directed the book to be examined by divines: the result was a decision unfavourable to Carranza. The Archbishop wrote to the Pope, and to the Emperor Philip, and applied to sundry theologians, obtaining opinions in his favour. But all was of no avail. At this time it is plain that the dread power of the Inquisition overshadowed the throne and even the Papacy itself. Carranza was arrested by stratagem, whilst on a journey to Valladolid, on an invitation, contrived through the princess

the governor of the province. He demurred to the authority of his captors, on the ground that he was, as primate, solely amenable to the Pope on matters of religion; but, to his dismay, the officers produced a warrant from the Holy See. His trial was protracted for four years, during which time he was kept in the cells of the Inquisition. The Pope at length resolved to take personal charge of the case, and the Archbishop was transferred to Rome, still securely in charge of Inquisitors, and lodged in the castle of St. Angelo.

Carranza had, in the estimation of Pius v, many claims on the favourable consideration of Rome. He had so wrought against the Protestants, as to cause more than 30,000 to be either burned, banished, or converted,* and yet he was now experiencing the same vengeance and on the same charge. It is therefore clear that the rage of the persecutors was directed equally against those who denied the current corrupt doctrines of Rome, and those who opposed and denied her discipline. Acceptance of the latter in the most unhesitating manner would not condone any variation from the former. Carranza was imprisoned, tried, and condemned, solely because of his belief in the so-called Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith. Well, therefore, does this tenet deserve the place of primary importance which Luther assigned to it. The trial before the cardinals lasted for three years: the judges sat once weekly, and for two or three hours at a time. The proofs, produced over and over again, were the catechism, and his declaration to the dying Emperor. The Pope died before sentence was given.

The trial dragged its weary length along under his successor, until all the mature portion of the Archbishop's life was spent in confinement. On the 14th of April, 1576, Pope Gregory xiii delivered his sentence, declaring that Carranza had drawn evil doctrine from condemned heretics, such as Luther, Ecolampadius, Melanthon, and others, ordered him to abjure all errors found in his writings, suspended him from officiating at Toledo, and directed his confinement in the Dominican convent at Orbieto for five years, and sundry penances.† Carranza read his oblation with disdain. He went the round of his appointed penance in seven of the Roman churches, accompanied by a retinuo which made it look like a triumph; but the fatigue brought on fever, of which he died on the 2nd of May, 1576, in the seventy-third year of his age. For sixteen years he had suffered imprisonment, and yet is said never to have been depressed, never to have spoken evil, never to have reproached his enemies, but to have borne his reverses with a high-minded, generous, Christian-like spirit, sustained by a conviction that the tenet for which he suffered was God's own precious truth concerning man's salvation.

The *via media* stretches down through the pages of history, but its stars are without rays. No glory radiates from them. Nicodemus, who trod the path in the days of our Lord, merely suggested mercy, and did not insist on it: he gave spices for the dead, but no protection to the living Saviour. We are perplexed in our estimate of such characters, and rejoice that judgment is not our province, but belongs to Him who "knew what was in man," and who has reiterated the saying, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

S. R. P.

* McCrie, "Reformation in Spain," p. 142.

* De Castro.

† De Castro, "Spanish Protestants," p. 182.

Varieties.

RUSTIC CIVILITY.—The picture by W. Collins, R.A., is in the Sheepshanks Collection. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1832, and was engraved for the "Art Journal" in 1863 or 1864. A memoir of Collins, and a notice of his best works, appeared in the "Leisure Hour" for March, 1866.

THE LATE LORD STRANGFORD.—Percy Smythe, Viscount Strangford, was the second son of the Viscount Strangford whom the last generation knew as a diplomatist and man of letters, and who still has a reputation as a translator of Camoens. His ability was inherited by his sons, and his elder son, George Smythe, who succeeded his father in the peerage, was a clever, perhaps the only really clever, member of what was called the Young England party. He, too, was a politician and a poet, and produced more than one spirited ballad. Percy Smythe, whom we have just lost, went young into diplomacy. Some twenty-four years ago, when Turkey, then lately saved from the ambition of the Egyptian Pasha, was as much the cause of anxiety to statesmen as now, the British Government thought it advisable to try the experiment of rearing Ministers for Eastern negotiation by choosing young men of promise at home and sending them to Constantinople, with the prospect of speedy advancement in a special Oriental service. Mr. Smythe left Oxford for Constantinople, while still an undergraduate, in 1845, and from that time his ardour in the acquisition of knowledge never ceased. His extraordinary quickness of perception and his retentive memory made him an admirable linguist. That he should acquire the Turkish and modern Greek so as to speak them with fluency is not surprising, since they are the languages of the place; but even in these his thorough idiomatic knowledge and his mastery of every style of conversation were admitted by natives to be extraordinary in a foreigner. Still greater praise is due to him for his proficiency in Arabic, Persian, and other languages, for the acquisition of which he had fewer opportunities. Nor were his attainments limited to the tongues of the East; had his duties called him into the ordinary diplomatic service, it would have been found that his knowledge of the Western languages was as large and as ready as that of men who had passed their whole lives at European Courts.—*Times*.

POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.—The expenses of the Post-office Savings Banks, last year, amounted to a total sum of £58,730. The establishment in London consists of one controller, one assistant controller, two principal, 12 first-class, and 193 other clerks, and a sum of £3,000 is required for extra duty by temporary clerks and others. The Receiver and Accountant-General's Office receives a sum of £450, the Money-Order Office, £2,105; and the General Post-offices in Dublin and Edinburgh £440 for savings-bank work; a sum of £1,200 is allowed for services performed for conducting savings-bank business at various post-offices in London and the United Kingdom; and £8,380 are spent in maintenance and repair of buildings, rent, rates, taxes, stationery, and incidental expenses, a total of 300 persons being employed in the London establishment.

NAPOLEON'S ATUSICIOUS MONTH.—It was in the first days of March, 1796, General Bonaparte married Madame Beauarnais, and a few days later he took the command of the army of Italy. It was in March that he descended from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy. In March, 1797, he reduced Italy, and opened a new campaign. It was on the last day of March, that "the Crown of the Hapsburgs did homage to his sword, and solicited peace from its vanquisher." It was in March, 1798, that Bonaparte decided on the expedition to Egypt; and in March, 1799, the people of the East saluted him as the "Sultan of Fire." It was in March, 1800, that he restored with a firm hand tranquillity to France. It was in March that the Code Civil was framed. In March, 1802, the Concordat restored religion, the peace of Amiens was signed, and the order of the Legion of Honour founded. In March the camps called the "Camps of the Ocean" were commenced. In March, 1804, the great conspiracies were formed against the First Consul. In March, 1805, Napoleon was not only Emperor of the French, but received from the Consulta in Paris the title of King of Italy. It was in March that the statutes regulating the position of the Imperial family and the decree creating the great duchies of the Empire were promulgated. In March, 1807, Napoleon bivouacked with his troops "in the midst of the mud of Poland." It was in March, 1808, that Charles IV of Spain abdicated in favour of his son Ferdinand, though it was in May that Charles annulled that act and abdicated again in favour of Napoleon. It was in March, 1809, that the preparations for the campaign

which led to Wagram were commenced. In March, 1810, the marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess of Austria took place; "and as if the month consecrated to the god of war was to be the cabalistic epoch of the Imperial family, it was in the course of the same month his son was born." In March, 1812, the war with Russia was decided and announced. In March, 1813, the coalition of the Powers of the North was formed against France. It was in March, 1814, that the great Captain gained his last victory on the plains of Champagne, and on the banks of the Marne; and it was on the 30th of the same month that the battle was fought which led to the abdication at Fontainebleau. It was on the 20th of March that Napoleon recovered the Imperial Throne, after the memorable return from Elba. He landed in France on the 1st March. "It is not, then, without reason that the month of March seems to us to be the Napoleonic month *par excellence*," and hence it was in the month of March that the Prince Imperial was born, and it was in March, 1868, that Napoleon III published his pamphlet on "The Titles of the Napoleonic Dynasty."—*Moniteur de l'Armée*.

CROSSING SWEEPERS.—A correspondent who has read our article on this subject sends the following: "At a time when London did not contain much more than half of its present population, the late well-known Mr. Alderman Waithman kept a very large drapery establishment at the south-east end of Fleet Street, fronting also to New Bridge Street. I was personally acquainted with the alderman, and frequently saw him in his shop. There was a man, apparently in a state of absolute destitution, who swept and had for many years swept the crossing to Ludgate Hill. Miss Waithman, out of pure compassion to this man, was in the frequent if not daily habit of supplying him with soup and other means of support: at length the poor man died, leaving her £7,000. These facts were well-known at the time, and I have no doubt are still within the recollection of some few at least of those still living, of whom I am one."—*Daily News*.

THE LATE LORD ALTHORP.—In distributing at Nottingham the prizes awarded at the Oxford local examinations, Mr. Denison said:—"There still remains the question, what is to be done to make education effective throughout the country? Something may be done by Government, and something by Universities, but these will be of small effect, unless the care of home and of the fireside be added; unless parents will take an interest in the progress of their children, or will stimulate them to exertion. In Scotland—'What place in the school to-day?' is the first question asked, when a boy comes home. 'Who is Dux? Could not you get to be Dux by taking a little more pains?' The keen interest of the parents throws new life into the spirit of the boy. It is difficult to say what effects may not follow a word of anxious and affectionate interest of a parent. I will give an instance which occurred in a noble family, in the case of one who passed a large part of his life in this county, and with whom I was intimately acquainted. Lord Althorp, known to us all as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, was not an industrious boy at school, was fond of field sports, of shooting and hunting, and when he went to Cambridge took his hunters with him, and thought more of the sport he should have with the hounds than algebra or mathematics. When he came home for the first vacation, his mother said to him one day, 'Jack, we shall expect you to take honours.' Jack, or, not to seem too familiar, may I add the epithet which in after life accompanied the word, Honest Jack, was struck all of a heap by this maternal expectation; but he pondered upon it. He sold his hunters, he set himself diligently to the study of mathematics, he took honours in the examination of his college, and doubtless it was to the strengthening and healthy influence of those studies, for he was never gifted with the powers of oratory, that Lord Althorp was enabled to play such a distinguished part in life, and it is as little doubtful that all this came from the few words dropped from the lips of his mother."

MR. DILKE'S CHARGE AGAINST BRITISH OFFICERS.—Mr. C. Dilke, in the second volume of his book, "Greater Britain," gives the following anecdote as an illustration of the conduct of the English abroad:—"From the first officer of one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers which was employed in carrying troops up the Euphrates during the Persian war, I heard a story that is the type of many such. A Persian drummer-boy of about ten years old was seen bathing from the bank one morning by the officers on deck. Bets were made as to the chance of hitting him with an Enfield rifle, and one of the

bettors killed him at the first shot." I venture not only to disbelieve this story, but to blame Mr. Dilke for bringing such a charge without proof. As an old Indian, I know that young British officers often do thoughtless things, and that unjustifiable cruelties were perpetrated during the excitement of the Sepoy revolt. But any deed so heartless and cold-blooded as this I never heard of. It must have been spoken of, if it took place on the deck of a transport ship. The commander of the Persian expedition was Sir James Outram, "The Bayard of the Indian army," and there were other men in that expedition whose names stand high in English chivalry. The charge is a calumny upon the whole army. Mr. Dilke ought to give the name of his informant. The chief officer and the ship being known, the names of the Indian officers on board can be obtained from official records. Mr. Dilke ought to clear up this matter, if he expects us to put faith in other "traveller's tales" in his book.—J. M.

BOOK-TASTERS.—Publishers should be careful that they employ skilled and practised professional readers or "tasters" of books, just as the great China houses employ tea-tasters of the finest palate; and not only should they do this, but the public ought to demand that the publisher should look as carefully that the author smuggles in nothing *contra bonos mores*, as does the editor of "Good Words," or the "Leisure Hour." Already the Lord Chamberlain has had to interfere as regards the morality of the stage; and, as prevention is better than cure, it will be well if the State be not called in to interfere as to the morality of the fiction market. . . . Vicious novels have for some years been terribly in the ascendant, and many of these are written by women, whom we can hardly call ladies.—*The Publishers' Circular*.

VITAL PARTY DIVISIONS.—Annexed is a summary of some of the vital party divisions of the last thirty years:—On August 24, 1841, a vote of want of confidence in Lord Melbourne's Government was carried by ninety-one, in a House of 634 members. On June 8th, 1846, Sir R. Peel's Ministry was defeated by a majority of seventy-six, in a House of 516 members. On February 20th, 1851, Lord John Russell tendered his resignation on being defeated by a majority of forty-eight, in a House of 157 members. Twelve months later Lord John was defeated on the militia question by eleven, in a House of 226 members. The Conservative budget of 1852 was rejected by nineteen, in a House numbering 596. Lord Aberdeen's Government was driven from power in January, 1855, by a majority of 157, in a House of 458. In March, 1857, Lord Palmerston's Chinese policy was condemned by a majority of sixteen, in a House of Commons of 515 members. A year later there was an adverse majority of nineteen on the Conspiracy Bill, in a House of 454. The Conservative Reform Bill of 1859 was rejected by thirty-nine, in a House numbering 626. Two months later the second Derby Government was ejected by a majority of thirteen, in a House of 638 members. On July 9th, 1864, Lord Palmerston triumphed over the Opposition on the Danish question by a majority of eighteen, in a House of 613. On April 29th, 1866, Lord Russell's Reform Bill was carried by a majority of five, in a House of 636. On June 18th, 1866, the Russell Government was, however, defeated by a majority of eleven, in a House numbering 624. Last year the Opposition had not effectually "reconciled its sections," but April 4th, 1868, it obtained a majority of sixty over Mr. Disraeli's administration on the Irish Church question.

STAR-MAPS.—The series of star maps of the midnight sky at London, in last year's "Leisure Hour," were received with so much interest as to encourage their publication in a separate form, and with additional maps. In the present year will be given four views of the midnight sky of the southern hemisphere, the first of which appeared in the February Part. These star-maps (the moon and planets not being included) will be of permanent use for reference, the position of the "fixed" stars being the same in all years at the times stated, the difference due to the precession of the equinoxes being imperceptible. The letterpress will therefore be prepared with a view to this permanent use of the maps. From numerous letters received by Mr. Dunkin, at the Royal Observatory, or by the editor, the following will serve as examples of the interest caused by these popular astronomical papers. The first, from the Sergeant-Instructor at the School of Musketry at Hythe, was dated October 17, 1868: "On reading your remarks on the 'Midnight Sky for September,' I found it stated that the planet Venus would be on the meridian about nine o'clock A.M. during the month. I communicated this information to my comrade non-commissioned officers, and in consequence a great number of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, were on the alert. Can you imagine our delight, when about nine o'clock A.M., on

the meridian of our place—which we had determined by facing Polaris, and then, as soldiers are accustomed to do, facing to the right about, according to your instructions given in the 'Leisure Hour'—Venus made her appearance in full splendour in the full and splendid light of the beautiful sun? Many were saying, 'Oh! look! see!' and were greatly astonished at what they called seeing a star in broad daylight. I and those men may have never seen such a splendid sight, sir, only for you. The instruction in those excellent papers on the 'Midnight Sky at London' I have found of the greatest importance. I believe it is not possible to get such information elsewhere in a published form." A country schoolmaster in Lincolnshire wrote thus:—"Though acquainted with the constellations in early life, I write to express the very great pleasure and profit I have derived from the reading of your interesting articles in the 'Leisure Hour.' I most sincerely congratulate you on your success in popularising a somewhat abstruse subject. I am sure the young people of our time are deeply indebted to your labours. All to whom I have spoken concur in expressing their pleasure in the completeness of the information, and the felicity and simplicity of the language. With such a platform as the 'Leisure Hour,' you must have succeeded in awakening a wide interest in stellar astronomy. I urgently suggest a continuation of similar astronomical articles." Another writer, who asks for descriptions of astronomical instruments and their uses, we refer to some papers on the Royal Observatory, in "Leisure Hour" for January, 1868.

LETTING THE PEWS.—The New York papers gave particulars of the annual letting of the pews in the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn, at the new year. There was a large attendance. Having explained that the debts of the church were paid, and that out of the proceeds of the past year many thousands of dollars had been expended for charitable purposes, Mr. Beecher introduced "the speaker from New Jersey." Mr. Pilsbury, the gentleman referred to, came forward and said—"Ladies and gentlemen, I supposed that I had graduated from this institution three or four times, but it seems that I am required to take another course. Well, gentlemen, you can take the choice of any seat in the house except Mr. Beecher's. How much am I offered? How much am I offered, gentlemen? Two hundred dollars! twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five, three hundred, three-fifty, four hundred dollars, gentlemen! Five, ten, fifteen; four hundred and fifteen dollars, gentlemen! Who is the happy man? Going at twenty, at twenty, at twenty, at four hundred and twenty dollars—420—are you all done at 420 dollars? Sold! to Henry C. Bowen for 420 dollars." Mr. Bowen took No. 89, the second pew directly behind the pastor's. It should be understood that the amounts bid were premiums in addition to the assessed value of the pews. Mr. Bowen's pew, being 120 dollars, cost him 540 dollars. The other pews were disposed of in the same manner, twenty having been sold consecutively for 300 dollars each. The total amount this year is 54,500 dollars for pew-rent alone. Last year the amount was 48,700 dollars; the premiums alone this year are 42,500 dollars.

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS IN 1868.—Last year 1,918 books, including new editions, were published in the United States. Of these, 1,450 were original American works, 359 reprints of English books, and the remaining 109 translations or reprints of books published on the continent of Europe. A classification of the titles results as follows:—Theology, 264; juvenile works, 235; fiction, 310; law, 108; arts and sciences and fine-art books, 116; trade, commerce, and political economy, 41; travel and geographical research, 82; history and biography, 174; poetry and the drama, 127; year-books and annual publications, 134; medicine and surgery, 101; education, philology, and classical literature, 71; miscellaneous, 155.—*Sampson Low and Co.'s Monthly Bulletin*.

STEPHEN LANGTON.—In Stephen Langton we meet with a noble example of the Anglican Churchman. He understood his position as the Primate of the English Church, and by his patriotic exertions, amid tremendous difficulties, he established a precedent of incalculable value when the nationality of that noble institution was at stake. It is quite true that from his lips a whisper of doctrinal dissent from Rome was never heard; but, nevertheless, it is more than probable that the triumphant result of his struggle with the social and political oppression of the Papal Government encouraged in another generation the stand made by English intelligence against its mental tyranny. If we look carefully to the progress of opinion in this country we can scarcely fail of doing justice to the memory of this illustrious ecclesiastic as one of the first and the best of our religious reformers.—*Williams' Lives of the English Cardinals*.

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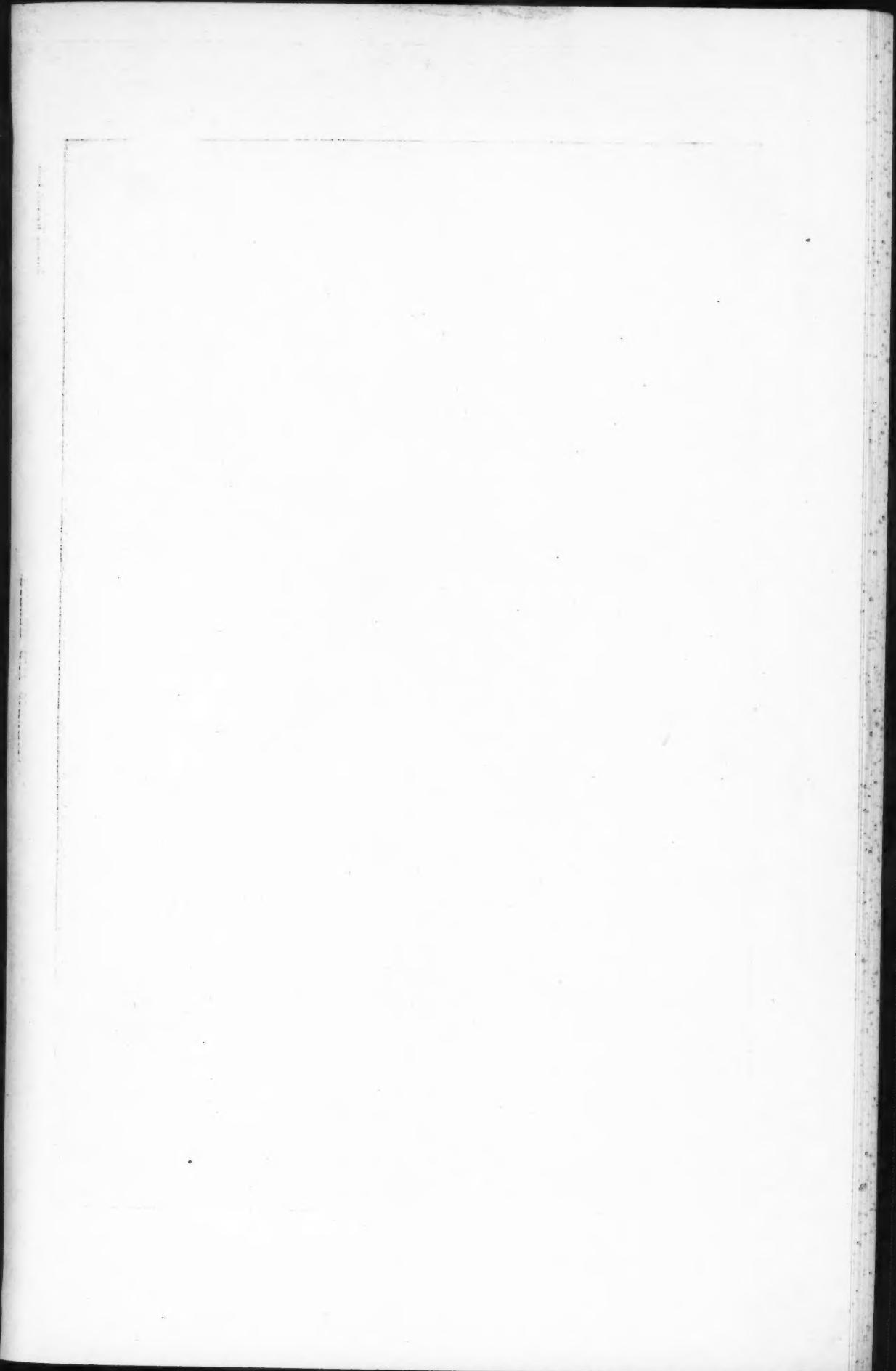
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